[From "Die Männerinsel" pp28-68]

[p. 28]

London in its battledress 1914/15.

It's six o'clock already, and Mrs. v. L. and Mr. Maier have not yet returned from Newmarket. I myself have just had an interesting trip out! '*Business as usual*' stood quite re-assuringly on the Underground, which had taken me to Piccadilly. How is it possible that a World War is being fought apparently so much on the side lines? Right, then. Business is the main thing, and the sole cause of this War. The newspaper-sellers are shouting out: 'Samoa occupied.' England is the nation of traders, and a nation which straightaway turns into a pirate, once it feels its trading interests are under threat, or when it wants to expand them.

At first I noticed no trace of the War. There lay Apsley House, residence of the Duchess of Wellington, to whom I have a letter of recommendation. The elder Princess Elise, who gave it to me, had in 1849 been a dinner companion [p. 29] to Wellington, the Victor of Waterloo. I examined the new, snow-white façade of Buckingham Palace, and then the colossal statue of old Queen Victoria sedately enthroned in front of it. Two years ago the German Emperor and Empress had taken part in the unveiling. In life, the Great Queen had always had to sit on a high cushion, as she was such a small person. During the Boer War,[i] she steadfastly knitted soldiers' socks, and many a tear is reported to have fallen on her work. Ever since my grandmother told me that, I have kept the Queen locked in my heart. If she were alive today, she would certainly still be knitting, and by her tears the newspapers would have given the nation inspiration for the War. I marched down Pall Mall and counted ninety motor-cars; I threw a glance at the dead eyes of the abandoned German Embassy. On the square behind Horse Guards' Parade a very large tent had been set up, one which reminded me of Count di Luna's tent in Verdi's 'Il Travatore'. *Boy scouts* stood at the entrance; the interior revealed a table decked out in green cloth, at which in turn young men, after having had a shilling pressed into their hand by the recruiting officer, moved past and pledged their life to the Motherland.[ii] '*God shave the King*', someone laughed. I moved back in a large circle, because a big man in khaki, who was jollily swinging his bamboo cane, was already coming up with an inviting look on his face, bent on dragging me into Kitchener's Army. Draping down from Nelson's Column was a long banner, which in giant letters carried the exhortation: 'England expects that every man should now do his duty'. That was noble and impressive. I walked on further to Piccadilly, where I went into Lyon's Popular[iii] to have a cup of tea. It was packed out, nothing but scurried-off French-chattering Belgians, whom I had thought much more modest. In front of the band there stood a notice: 'No German or Austrian musicians here.' Every sip of tea [p. 30] was interrupted by a national anthem; which had to be listened to standing up. Then came a piece of music, the melody of which was very well-known to me, but I couldn't remember its name. I went up to the band leader and asked him, as it happened, in German: 'Was that not Schuman?' 'Quite right', the band leader answered me in good German, 'from the F-Minor Sonata.' The notice-board and its mendacious statement annoyed me so much that I quit the restaurant. Outside came the shout: 'Togo occupied; great German losses at Mons.'

*

Just now Mrs. v. L. gave me the first letter from home since the War started, it had come via Holland, and had been opened by the censor. I ran straightaway to the furthest corner of the garden. But, alas, I felt disappointed. The words from home sounded completely alien to me. I wasn't pitied for being able to stay with 'dear' Mrs. v. L., instead of, like my friends and relations, having to do military service. I was told not to spend any unnecessary money, as they could send me only the most essential. They told me the Kaiser had said that the War would end in our victory by Christmas, and for that reason everyone had to make great sacrifices; and I was having a pretty good time of it. I found that not one of my many questions had been answered; I, whose every thought is of home and everything to do with home; over in Germany, and at home. (My grandmother is in Schierke, my sister in Düsseldorf). Perhaps our flat would have to be rented out. I

don't know, I am terribly sad and worry about things at home. This matter-of-fact-ness, which people here and over in Germany seem to have got used to, has something ominous about it. I have the feeling it's turning into a permanent state of affairs. Ah, and what Stella is doing, as well? No word about her; out of sight, out of mind.[iv] Yes, if I were [p. 31] at the Front now, people would think of me with more kindness, out of fear for me and because that's how things are at present. Can I help it if I have to sit around with strangers and be completely superfluous? This inactivity in itself is much the worse thing to bear. Mrs. v. L. is just coming in with her repulsive dogs; she calls them Pui and Nimke, and treasures these damn animals more than she does me. 'Let's go into Regent's Park', she calls out. 'I'm on my way!'

*

"*London-Hampstead, September 1914*"

Post again for me: hello, it's from Spain! Prince R. is answering from San Sebastian: 'Unfortunately our means do not permit us to pay for your journey to Spain, I scarcely have sufficient money for the staff at the embassy.' That was written by the representative of Germany at the Spanish Court, he himself being one of the richest princes in Germany; a noteworthy match for the behaviour of the German Consul-General in London, who 'could do nothing' for all the enthusiastic reservists. Because of this, three hundred of them had hired a ship at their own expense and at their own peril, and just as they were leaving port they were taken prisoner by the English and shut up in a concentration-camp. It seems to me that Germany has no need of its patriots overseas; out of sight, out of mind; I'm now experiencing this sad truth on all sides.

Another refusal. My school friend P.B., the son of the German envoy in Lisbon, writes: 'Unfortunately (all letters begin like that) we can do nothing. Young persons cannot be helped in any way to go to Germany, even my mother encountered great difficulties in travelling to here from Carlsbad, via Genoa and Spain. They've got thirty-eight German ships impounded here, and many hundreds of German men of call-up age; and thousands in Spain. Quite [p. 32] apart from the impossibility of getting there, the price of tickets has become exorbitant (time and time again, it's money that prevents men of military age from getting back home, money for which no representative of Germany abroad wants, can or is permitted to take on responsibility). At any moment now they'll be handing us out our passports, in case Portugal, as England's ally, declares war on us. I, too, would have preferred to disappear as a volunteer; but we can't do that (why? I have no idea). Everything upsets me greatly; in Oxford I got such good treatment. I shall never forget what I owe to Oxford.

Yours P.B.'

A curious mentality speaks out from all the letters I have received. 'I don't need to worry, and can ensconce myself in the corner, looking benignly on at the evil game.' My enthusiasm is turning into a vast bitterness. I shall read Schopenhauer's *Wisdom* once more; it stands above all the events of the Everyday, no matter how great these might appear to be.

*

"*London, September 1914*"

I have finally managed to have a word with Sir Henry L. He's in the position of Honorary Secretary in the Ministry of Commerce, and owns the country's largest coal-mines. When I last saw him, it was in March, and at a masked ball in the garden of the Villa San Pancrazio in Taormina. In those days it was Harlequin who ruled over time; and what about today? — Sir Henry was amicability itself, but eliminated all other material from the conversation apart from memories of the delightful island, to the point where I gave the conversation, which for me was really expendable, a direct turn and asked: 'What's the situation now with the exchange of men not yet of military age between Germany and England; my birthday's in December…'

'Oh, I thought you were already of military age', Sir Henry answered with considerable doubt, and went on: 'There [p. 33] are probably still negotiations going on, but personally I believe that you will be in Berlin for

Christmas. In the meantime I'll make inquiries. You are a guest in this country; you can hardly feel otherwise, since your family of course is of Scottish ancestry, and closely bound up with the history of this country.' I replied: 'In the age of national states, being ancestrally linked with two civilised nations politically hostile to each other, either becomes a stigma or a sign of disloyalty; while, if we take the higher European viewpoint, it is the opposite. I have to take account of present-day facts and gratefully stay mindful of my country of birth and education: that is only fair.' 'I understand of course what you are saying', he answered soothingly, 'I owe the most important part of my education to Germany; the fondest memories of my youth cling to Heidelberg. Let's not have these pointless discussions, the War throws a spanner into objectivity, and for as long as it lasts everyone has carry out the duties of day-to-day. Treitschke[v] said mankind and nations love only things they understand; Germany and England do not understand each other at present, and hate each other because of it. You, however, do understand me, don't you?' — Without waiting for my reply, he added: 'I've got a box in the Albert Hall, wouldn't you like to accompany me there?'

We went there; the huge circular hall buzzed like a beehive, until everyone rising to their feet for the entry of the royal couple fell briefly silent, before breaking out in frenetic jubilation. I thought to myself: the King is really descended from pure German blood; does he not feel any pangs of spiritual conflict; or does he see himself as Albion personified? These families of international princely origins, linked a thousand-fold by marriage, ought really to embody the flower of European culture. Sir Henry drew my attention to a white-haired lady, dressed in black, the widow of Napoleon III, and whispered: 'I was recently in Farnborough [p. 34] Hill, where Empress Eugenie has set up her villa in a hospital for French officers; after taking tea, she moved across to the iron-barred gate of the park, where Prussian prisoners were being paraded past in her honour; she murmured clearly: "*Ah, après quarante-quatre années*"…[vi] The Marseillaise sounded out, I had to stand up and listen to it, even if I did so in a slovenly manner; the old empress had also risen to her feet. She must have felt some satisfaction in the closing days of her life; but I too felt a surge of emotion, when Adelina Patti,[vii] wreathed in applause, sang the pageboy arias from *Figaro*. The audience of ten thousand listened breathlessly to the melodies of this genius from Germany, who occupied a victor's throne well above all feeling of national malevolence. Outside, after the concert, newspaper boys greeted us with shouts of: 'New Guinea occupied by the Australians; Germans retreat behind the Aisne; 150 guns and 6000 taken prisoner at Bitry.' 'Cholera breaks out in the Austrian Army; Vienna fortified; Residency removed to Salzburg' (Mozart's own city)."Do you think it will all be over soon?" "Why not", came the smiling reply. "Come and visit me on my estate in Eastwood, where we will talk of Germany."

I've just got back from a splendid walk. In Apsley House, where I last was in the coronation year, I found that the Duchess was not *in town*. So I walked on further, to Kensington Gardens, and sat down in front of the Orangery (Queen Anne's); then I went into the castle, in order to see the room where Queen Victoria was born; she, the grandmother of the German emperor, who is her eldest grandson, and now the best-hated man in England. The room had its shutters down; time seemed to stand still in the little bedroom, giving a wonderful feeling of the *nunc stans*[viii] of eternity. Queen Victoria's mother was a native-born [p. 35] German; Princess Elise had told me of the many parrots which had been obliged to feed here during her cousin's visits, sixty-six years ago; and it's true, I did notice an empty bird-cage still standing in the next-door room. I sat down on a bench in the small private garden, which was full of old-fashioned plants in flower-beds, rising up in terraces; and I watched the three small cascades continuously flowing down, like time. How much young blood is flowing away like this, day and night, I mused. In the main part of the garden, children were sailing yachts on a large circular pond, and the grown-ups were joining in with the fun, as much as the children were themselves — oblivious of the way the world looks now. But, for all that, war was watching us from between the ancient trees; soldiers had set up camps in the meadow areas, horses were grazing, trumpet calls sounding out. In Hyde Park, the novice troops were at their drill, with more than just children's nannies watching them. On Rotten Row (*route du Roi*), I saw the King's younger sons out riding on their ponies. The arch in Hyde Park Corner was covered with giant searchlights, which at night were intended to scour the skies for Zeppelins. The street traders were selling Belgian flags and badges for button-holes. Next to Selfridge's, the first authentic photographs of the World War were on display, showing the grave of a Scottish Highlander in France, with his coat and his cap hanging over the wooden cross; then a mass grave for the German heroes who fell at Tannenberg, next to a pyramid of five hundred spiked helmets. Some richly clothed Belgian women were standing near me, making disrespectful remarks about this picture, so much so that I could do nothing else but say to them in English: *Well, what about the barbarous treatment of the poor negroes in the Congo?* However, they didn't seem to understand any English. [p. 36]

A street trader, who wanted to sell one of his Belgian flags to me as well as to everybody else, received an angry rebuff. I was very annoyed, travelled back home, and went into the garden to read *Summer Travels through the Palatinate* by Hansjakob;[ix] which transferred me into a completely different world. Mrs. v. L. then gave me an English brochure to read, which was intended to jolt me back to the present: 'Why did Germany begin the War?' The text in it concerned the German War Party, which was said to have been directed by the Director of the German Bank, and Prince Fürstenberg, so that they could turn their financial and political plans into reality (Bagdad Railway, etc.). I was just pondering on the content, when Madame came running in like a fury and shouted out: 'Oh, these Germans, they have even shelled Rheims Cathedral, and destroyed it.' In doing this, she looked at me with such evil in her eyes, as though it had been me who had given the order to start the shelling. The telephone called her away; I heard: 'Yes, I'm coming to Pagani's (Italian restaurant). What do you say to Rheims, Dr. Richard?' Without bidding farewell, she left the house. I heaved a sigh of relief. Dr. Richard is what I'd call a disagreeable person, whom I best avoid. His name is actually Dr. Richard Babenburger, but he has discarded his German family name and become a fashionable doctor to the English aristocracy in Cavendish Square. He regularly shared the whole gossip of 'Society' with Mrs. v. L., and is also the greatest German-hater that I've ever come across. 'He whose bread I eat, his praise I shout forth'; a practical, but a boorish doctrine.

In his speech from the Throne, the King proclaimed the sibylline words: 'We are fighting for a worthy cause and shall not lay down our sword until we have achieved it.' (The German Colonies?)

When I reported today to the police in Albany Street, I was given my English identity document with its validated photograph. In December I shall therefore turn eighteen years of age[x] and become eligible for military service. I went straightway to the American [p. 37] Consulate General at 4a New Bond Street, Eastcity, to make a fresh attempt at repatriation. The place was swarming with people. I set my wish down in writing, making reference to the American nationality of my grandfather, and handed this paper to a Secretary. Half an hour elapsed, and he came back, saying: 'Without papers', the Consul could not be of any help to me. Fine: nothing again. I shall write to my relatives in Boston, where Grace Lockwood,[xi] daughter-in-law of former President Theodore Roosevelt, can perhaps do something to help me. The Americans have after all taken on the work of officially representing Germany in foreign hostile territory. Something will have to happen soon; because four months from now it will be too late. On my way back home, I went into St. Paul's Cathedral, where a rogation service for the combatant armies was being held. The soft singing of the choir, the gentle acciaccaturas of the accompanying organ, the gathering dusk, which fluttered down from the arches like brown velvet, the whispering of the crowd at prayer, moved me deeply. Outside the traffic of the world boomed around the church; pigeons fluttered around the baroque statue of Queen Anne. Strange, the way these outer and inner impressions are for ever blotting each other out. The newspaper placards proclaimed: 'Antwerp in flames, 3000 English troops land at burning town.' At home, the first remittance of cash had arrived from Berlin, but it came together with a loss of eighty marks on five hundred. Mrs. v. L. was in a good mood, and wants to go with me tomorrow to the tailor's.

*

Madame de Thèbes has prophesied that the 'Phaeton[xii] of Europe', the Emperor of Germany, will abdicate on 7th November. Whoever believes that, needs to have his head seen to. — Reports come in that the whole of the North Sea has been sown with mines: how will that affect postal connections? An island like this is something eerie, and everybody on it is a prisoner.

*

[p. 38]

"*London, October 1914*"

The morning newspapers are enraged over the bombardment of Antwerp.[xiii] The rich are placing their palaces and villas free of cost and with all their servants at the disposal of the Belgian refugees. I received another town-telegram from Sir Henry L., requesting me to be good enough to join him that evening for dinner. In the morning before that, I had had to comply with another request, namely to present myself at the police headquarters in St. Alban's. Mrs. v. L. went with me. I was very apprehensive. Had they discovered that I had given my age as nine years younger than I actually was, for which according to the espionage laws I might be whisked off to 'gaol'? I had one fixed idea: Mrs. v. L. could not be allowed to know anything about it. When the official was working out my personal details, I was so on edge that I suddenly began to stammer, the reason being I couldn't calculate which year I had been born in; for this I needed to add nine years to my real date of birth. He peered at me, as it seemed, with the policeman's look of having superior knowledge; so that he could lead me on and then drop me in it. But the whole thing was really only about having my finger-prints taken. All the same, I got a peculiar feeling in my stomach, and afterwards Mrs. v. L. came with me to a tea-shop.

In the evening I got dressed up, had my hair groomed at the barber's, and went to Marble Arch by way of the Underground. Oxford Street lay in darkness, the glass of the street lights was obscured with black, all windows curtained in gloom; everyone was in fear of German air raids. It was not far to Park Street,[xiv] one of the most elegant streets in London, the frontages of which did not look any better than everywhere else in every other district of this soot-ridden metropolis. Elegant motor-cars were pulling up in front of Sir Henry's town residence. The old butler opened the door devoutly and silently, and took me through to the cloakroom. Some guests seemed already to be leaving. Slim, cool, in blue silk, Countess T…y, the daughter of a Grand-Prince also living in Hampstead, was allowing the ermine-lined collar of her sable coat to be turned down. [p. 39] The sounds of Russian, French, English swirled around. I waited until the guests had to some extent disappeared, and then made my way into the lounge, which presented a vast, yet restrained luxury, characterised not by a love of magnificence, but by good taste and culture, on which money had never placed a limit. The wainscoting was of the time of Edward III; beyond that lay the magnificent Damascus carpets which Sir Henry had collected. The subdued light of a Venetian chandelier sparkled within the splendid pattern of its glass drops; these, like Arabian carvings, contained trails of stylised plant-motifs; the whole made the gold of the dogal chair glow as it faded away in the deep Bordeaux of the silk curtains and portières. Sir Henry kindly came up to me with the stereotyped words: 'How good of you that you have come', and introduced me to some gentlemen who were apparently staying to dinner or had been invited to, while he spoke of our acquaintanceship, which dated from Taormina.[xv] I particularly liked Viscount T., who had translated Schopenhauer into English,[xvi] and who, like Sir Henry, had once studied under Kuno Fischer[xvii] in Heidelberg, and who was thus glad to chat of 'Romantic Germany', as though no chasm of World War now separated it from England. I shook hands with the Duke of K.,[xviii] a great-nephew of Lord Nelson,[xix] whose villa is the most beautiful in Taormina, and also with a very mercurial gentleman, who reminded me strongly of Clewing, the stage-actor;[xx] but he had reddish hair, and in addition to that he also had the usual awful-looking freckles on his hands.[xxi] So this was a direct descendant of Marlborough, the famous Duke and General? He was, as I later heard, known as 'Alcibiades'.[xxii] Why? Because he was considered to be fascinating, vain and changeable, all at the same time. He, whose name is Winston Churchill, pure and simple, and with no special title, suddenly took his leave, and was no more to be seen. Then there was a second Member of Parliament present, *the honourable Fred S.*, whose ice-cold hand fitted in excellently with the cold expression on his face, [p. 40] and finally there was a 'neutral', a Dutch industrial magnate, who was stopping over on a voyage back from Batavia. A servant announced that dinner was served. The dining-table was circular, in the middle stood a jardinière with *Rosa la France* silver and porcelain, all precious items. Everyone admired an ornate silver salt-shaker, which was accredited to Cellini.[xxiii] I looked directly at the window, in which the coat-of-arms of Sir Henry stood resplendent, lit from the back by electric light. The dinner was a classic in its chosen simplicity; this war-time menu contained approximately the following: woodcock soup, with Solara sherry of 1850 (as the butler whispered to me when he poured it out). This was followed by oysters *au gratin* and brie cutlets, to which Haute Brion 1908 was the accompaniment. Cold breast of duck with grapefruit formed the next course. Delbeck Champagne bubbled in the glasses. An aphrodisiac bomb was next, with fruits and frozen Camembert bringing the meal to a close. Nobody seemed to want to talk of the War; I initially thought that was because of me, as my first

great surprise had been in finding myself in this place, me an 'alien enemy', whose fingerprint had been taken only that very day by the police. Sir Henry knew my circumstances; but my name, which belonged to the oldest of the island, seemed to him to be citizenship enough. The main role of the Dutchman, too, up to this point was that of a listener, while the *Honourable* told tales of advantageous purchases at Christie's, and Lord H. of a 'Greco' which he had acquired. The nephew of Nelson first devoted himself to polishing up a Calville apple with a silk cloth, and then a large *solitaire*, which he wore on the little finger of his desiccated hands, which were covered with a network of blueish protruding veins. The Mocha was served in Sir Henry's rooms, where five club chairs, grouped around an almighty hearth-fire, invited us to sit down. Suddenly from next door there sounded out the song *O alte Burschenherrlichkeit*,[xxiv] sung in German by Sir Henry at the piano; but it was then that I felt very strange; I looked over to [p. 41] Lord T., who had placed his hands over his eyes, while the other gentlemen gave uncomprehending stares. 'The past will never come back', the host of the house excused himself by saying, and I believed I could see some dampness in his eye. The coffee was then poured out and linen-wrapped imported cigars, specially made for Sir Henry, were handed around, whereafter the conversation slithered into the theme of war, just as the world itself had tumbled into it. It was particularly interesting for me to hear the English point of view given not for once in the violent tone of the newspapers, but purely privately from a representative voice, where one would, as it were to a 'neutral', express one's earnest belief. 'In my country, and particularly in our colonies, people have been amazed', the Java-browned, straw-blond Dutchman remarked, 'that England has intervened in this world conflict, and has not remained in its *splendid isolation*'. After a general throat-clearing, since every one of those present seemed about to answer, Lord T. remarked, while adjusting his seat to be more comfortable, and speaking somewhat slowly with the dignity of advanced age:

'Only after long indecisive considerations was the question of the entry of the Kingdom into the World War decided at the eleventh hour by a small majority of cabinet members. Believe me, it was almost by chance that it came to it, but three causes worked together, firstly the cardinal political standpoint that we have represented for two hundred years now, that no power, so long as England could prevent it, should be allowed to outweigh the British Fleet, especially in the English Channel. Certainly this might be viewed as a provocation to the world; for us, however, it meant Hamlet's 'To be or not to be'. Secondly, since 1903 we have entered into a whole web of diplomatic agreements, especially in connection with France, [p. 42] I remind you only of the agreement on Egypt and Morocco, the Naval agreement, which enjoined our protection of the northern coast of France, then the endorsement of Italy's adventurist attack on Tripoli, our understanding with Russia as regards Persia, etc. However, the violation of Belgium, and the insolent manner in which Prussia assumed it as a given fact that the breach of a solemn and extremely important treaty was of no significance, provoked even the callous-hardened feeling of professional politicians to such an extent that we took sides.' The Honourable Frederick S. then interrupted with his hard voice: 'The English psychology has been assessed very mistakenly, and the clumsy leaps of German diplomats in London in the week before the outbreak of war were a positive encouragement to disaster. Nevertheless, Sir Edward Grey in his letter of the last day of July to our ambassador in Berlin did make another attempt to dispel it, by promising that if the crisis were passed, all his efforts would be directed at creating a combination through which Germany would find the guarantee that neither Russia, France, nor we, were nurturing aggressive plans against its existence. He was convinced, he said, that any enduring crisis would call forth a reaction, namely the need for reciprocal rapprochement of all Powers.' — 'Unfortunately', Sir Henry then opined, 'the disaster could not be dispelled, but the goal remains the same. Not the hegemony of a Great Power or of a group of Great Powers, but instead it is peaceful cooperation between all those involved, which will have to designate the future regime in Europe. No one, for example, should take away from the Germans their belief that they are the most able nation of the world, but the other nations claim the same belief for themselves; isn't Holland one of them?' The Dutchman nodded and broke his silence: 'Over sixty million Germans are still even today genuinely convinced of being in a defensive war, [p. 43] and that the Allies want to trample down their Fatherland.' Once again a general throat-clearing, only the descendant of Lord Nelson stole a yawn, then Sir Henry replied:

'*Well*, you know, it's the business of the Allies to show Germany its error by orchestrating the way in which the future peace is formulated.' I was all ears, and the Dutchman put down his cigar and folded his hands. 'No dismemberment of Germany, which can only be carried out through violence and the suppression of whole sections of the nation; that would be like using the precepts of Prussian militarism itself. An enslaved nation raises itself up with doubled violence and finds in the instability of alliances new helpers (sic!). Now, and even if the German Empire were broken up again, who can prevent the individual areas from setting up a confederation, just as the Baltic states did?'

'How do things stand with England's colonies and public opinion in the United States?' the Dutchman inquired calmly. Lord T. answered this with pride and certainty: 'The idea of the British Empire, as it has been represented with growing emphasis since the Boer War by English liberalism, as 'Unity in Freedom', has proved itself valid, and has assured the Motherland, in her hour of greatest peril, the loyal help of the politically and economically independent colonies (?); we have followed Lord Roseberry's advice and remained careful that the world should bear the stamp of our nation, and not that of any other.' The Member of Parliament added from his hard, bloodless lips: 'Even America's overwhelming sympathies are on our side; a common language and culture bind us together; we have avoided differences in our trading politics, the interests of Wall Street have been awakened. Schwab and Morgan are surely already calculating their percentages, while the average American is operating only with facts, like: 'the German Chancellor's scrap of paper'[xxv] and the [p. 44] familiar phrases of the Emperor: '*Mailed fist and shining armour*'; Bernardi's writings, however, reveal to the American the unbridled war-like mentality of Germany. The American has of course long been a protagonist of democracy and the world's authority of public opinion, without of course looking more deeply into the other things…' 'You probably mean their profit-making nature,' the Dutch industrialist interjected. '… and these arguments', the Honourable MP continued straightaway, 'influence the American and he will react plainly and concisely to them. In the end, he really has only little interest in and understanding of things outside his country.' 'And that's what', Lord T. added, 'makes German propaganda all the more difficult.' 'But Roosevelt has proposed that the USA ought to bring its army up to a million strong, and increase the sea and air forces correspondingly. If it were then, so armed, to call the combatant nations to the Round Table, what would England do then, Mylord?'

The addressee took his cigar out of his mouth and contemplated it carefully before giving an answer: 'It would probably negotiate about the peace, as long as it didn't know for certain which side the Americans would join — at least, that's the opinion of the 'Welsh Rabbit',[xxvi]' as he smilingly added, and meant Lloyd George. Suddenly Lord Nelson's great-grand-nephew croaked in with: 'Prussian militarism must be destroyed *coûte que coûte*.'[xxvii] 'But militarism is not exclusively a product grown in Prussia,' the Dutchman opined sharply. 'But nowhere does it permeate all levels of society as much as there since the days of the *roi sergeant*,[xxviii] and keep itself in the pure strain', the Honourable MP said, rising to excitement, 'to conquer it in Prussia therefore means hitting it at the root. As long as that is not been achieved, the longed-for peace is neither wished-for nor possible. If the whole German nation still blindly believes in the correctness of its system, [p. 45] and if it were therefore in future to double only its armaments, the nations of the whole world would have to pay the price for this.'

Sir Henry seemed to want the end of this conversation, which was beginning to take on sharper forms. He said: 'And that is why the War must come down to a conversion of Germany, not, let's say, to its annihilation. No matter how pleasant the former classical Germany might have been, it is no longer a geographical concept, as it was in Goethe's day and age.'[xxix]

At this moment a servant came up almost silently behind Sir Henry's armchair, and I understood the words 'Lord Kitchener'.[xxx] This name blew ice, no matter how softly whispered, into the room. Sir Henry and Lord T. sprang to their feet and disappeared behind the portières. 'Kitchener wants you', bleated the old descendant of Nelson, and winked over to me. Then no one said anything more. The Boule clock struck eleven o'clock; I considered it seemly to make a move, and bowed to the Duke, who once more was polishing his ring with a blood-red silk cloth, and to the Dutchman, who did not know whether he, too, should leave; the Honourable MP was no longer present. Deep silence held sway in the house. I asked the butler to offer my apologies to the head of the household. 'A car?' 'No, thanks.' And now I stood like an exile in the thick sea of London's night fog. It was like a dream, following on from attendance at a play. A strip of light was shining through a Venetian blind. Was the almighty 'Warlord', on whom the fate of a world-empire depended, sitting there, the most dangerous enemy that Germany had? I could force my way in, even interfere with world events; I, from whom today a fingerprint had been taken! I hesitated, heard footsteps; probably a detective! I managed to pass through the dark street, to reach the Underground; and back I was in everyday life. Signs on the way read: 'The Allies take back Ypres, the Germans Bruges; the Belgian Government relocates to [p. 46] Le Havre.' At home I found Mrs. v. L. in her night-gown, smoking and drinking whisky, with Nimke on her lap. 'How was it? Has Sir Henry at last managed to get me an invitation? Were ladies present? I shall be able to wear my chinchilla fur, it was finished at the shop today!' Mr. Maier, the newspaper in his hand, had already fallen asleep at the fireside. It is now half-past two, I have been writing till now; it hasn't been easy.

*

I turned yesterday's conversation over and over in my mind, and when I think of England's history and statesmanship, I marvel at how that country has always been able to say things and act completely differently. Its constitution was built up on the natural inequality of people with regard to the given balance of power of social forces, while it, particularly in the case of Canning,[xxxi] preached freedom according to natural law to the remaining nations, that the State has no purpose of its own, but exists only as a means of creating the greatest wellbeing for the majority; if it were completely democratised, then finally the forces of labour, education etc., would be bound to destroy all artificial differences between people and races. And while over the last one hundred years the nations of Europe have praised this English propaganda for the liberation of nations, and strove to achieve this by revolutionary means, England in all serenity was building up a colonial empire on completely different principles, and subjected the open seas to its policing. And while today the moral outcry over Germany's attack on Belgium and its justification by the 'German chancellor's scrap of paper' provides both the only consecration for the English economic war against Germany and at the same time the most powerful advertising material. No one any longer thinks of the justification delivered by Sir Edward Grey's predecessor, Lord [p. 47] Palmerston, of the raid precisely one hundred years earlier by the English Fleet against Copenhagen, when he said 'Natural Law is stronger than International Law'. Therefore because of this, England thus was permitted 'because of its self-preservation' a piratical attack on a small neighbour in the midst of peace. The English requisite of diplomacy, '*it is expedient*' (which means 'it is advantageous'), excuses every breach of trust and law. For what reason did Bethmann Holweg, historically so educated, not bring this episode before the eyes of the world? For what reason did I myself not speak of it yesterday? I was thinking silently of the attack on Alexandria in 1882, which followed a similar course.

'Second thoughts' are the best thoughts, it tells us in English, but what happens if they come too late? Silence can also be golden.

*

That was another eventful day! So as to be lured away from my cheerless mood, I went today, which is 'Nelson Day',[xxxii] to Trafalgar Square, where the Lord Bishop of Kensington was giving a speech of inspiration to the naval cadets. Masses of people surged back and forth, and the wreaths on the Column were heaped high. When the surviving crew of H.M.S. 'Hawke', which had been sunk by a German U-boat, laid their wreath, the thousand voices present rang out simultaneous song, with '*Rule Britannia*.' Why is it not granted me to experience a similar show of national enthusiasm in Berlin? The vast building of the Hamburg-America Line, with the allegories, still visible, of German shipping, now serves as a *Recruiting Office*. Stretched round the Carlton Hotel are ribbons three metres wide, on which is written:

'We are fighting for a worthy cause and shall not lay down our weapons before our goal has been achieved.'

The King.

[page 48] Winding around the 'Grand Hotel' was a banner with the words:

'We need men, men, men.'

Asquith.

Boy scouts were emptying the post-boxes everywhere and busy dragging about the heavy sacks of mail. I thought they too are doing something for their Fatherland, the only thing I can do is look on everywhere. — At midday, the de Barry family appeared, (married couple with daughter and son), who had fled from Antwerp, and told tales of the 'terrible' siege of their home town. They had spent one week trembling in the cellar of their house, until it collapsed in on them, and they had crawled half-suffocated from

the rubble. With 200 francs and their jewellery they had fled by night from the burning city, into which a hail of shells was falling, and onto a ship, which was so overloaded that it had almost sunk. Lord P. had placed his house on Berkeley Square at their disposal, and his bank account as well. Since then the family seemed to have recovered somewhat, because they were all impeccably dressed, and it was not long before Mrs. v. L. showed off her entire wardrobe and was obliged to give out the address of her dressmakers. The gentlemen were more pensive, and discussed the political situation. Here, too, I felt myself as only an uninvolved listener, although I was convinced that the terrible horrors of war that the Germans in Belgium were said to have committed, are only to be considered as purposeful lies, but what good is protesting against this! Nothing is absurd enough not to be firmly believed. "Just think how the German General has dealt with the poor mad Empress of Mexico, he has forbidden her from leaving her chambers and intends to send her as a hostage to Germany; the Crown Prince has, true and really, had all castles that he lived in emptied, and has sent the works of art to Berlin." Then Madame de Berry broke out in tears, and everybody [p. 49] was outraged and shocked, when she also related the preposterous legend of the hacked-off hands of children. I came out of the room and went for a walk. How I would love just once to read any German newspaper. I went to a cinema in Cambden[xxxiii] Town, but there was no distraction here either. The weekly newsreel showed German troops in Malines parading around with the goose-step, at which the otherwise rather calm English public was brought to such rage that they cried out: "Down with the goose step!"; before all the noise had stopped I had gone off on my way.

The break-through battle towards Calais now stretches from Switzerland straight up to the North Sea. The *Karlsruhe* has sunk thirteen English merchant vessels in the Atlantic. At Ypres the Germans have been thrown back fifteen miles. The dikes on the Yser have been opened wide. In Poland the Germans are retreating behind Lodz. — Lille is lost. — De Wet[xxxiv] is organising a second Cape revolution. — The Tsar has declared the prohibition of alcohol. ("For ever and ever.")

*

"*London, beginning of November 1914*"

Today I put on my new suit of '*home spun*'; it smells of the hearth-fires of Scottish cabins, where the material is made, as it has been since the middle ages. Strange, but it seemed to me as though this material would anglicise me, that was probably the secret fluid that completes the essence of the uniform. Ted Gibson visited me and asked me to go with him to the Sunday School, which is held on an alternating basis in the lounges of private villas. Hymns were sounding out as we entered. Mr. Gloyne, the leader in this instance, presided in a club chair, which was set up in front of the flickering open fire. [p. 50] Distributed in a semi-circle around the room, there sat 20 '*boys*', in Eton suits with immaculate white winged collars and meticulously combed parted hair. Dr. Gloyne gave an address on the theme 'Love thine enemy', which represented really excellent sentiments, then he told us of the death of an eighteen-year-old second-lieutenant, who only a few months previously had sat here in this circle. He read out the last letter of the fallen soldier, and said his mother had been sent back the uniform. It was very poignant. Everyone then knelt for a prayer in front of their chair. But '*boys will be boys*'. After Dr. Gloyne had withdrawn from the circle, and the waitresses had brought tea and cakes, Ted sat himself at the piano and played '*It's a long way to Tipperary*', and everybody sang along with great gusto. Dr. Gloyne then took his leave, the reason being that he has been called to work in the position of junior doctor in an English hospital in Compiègne. Since he had heard about my situation from Ted, he shook my hand particularly warmly and said: '*Keep smiling*.' As Ted and I then walked across the heath, we looked at the sweeping beams of the search lights, which tirelessly scanned the whole sky above this endless metropolis for Zeppelins. That evening the insufferable Dr. R. came to dinner. It wasn't long before he was pulling out bits of news, like an old aunt from her knitting-bag: the Duchess of Sutherland had scandalised herself as a senior nurse in Belgium, and then in the end had married 'her major'. Then followed a few spicy anecdotes about Lady Asquith, the manly spouse of the Prime Minister, whose war motto 'More Men, more Men, more Men' actually came from her. He then dared to convey talk, 'from an authentic source', on the marriageability of the Prince of Wales, and [p. 51] the close scrutiny of the body of Anna Pavlova,[xxxv] the Russian ballerina, who did not live far away from us. Finally he attempted to prove that the German Emperor

had Jewish blood. Mrs. v. L. listened with all ears, although she is already a grandmother. '*Why, you look sheepish, old man*', she commented, because the old diamond merchant was sitting, as usual, impassive in the company. Whisky and Soda was then imbibed abundantly in the boudoir. Each time that Mr. Maier poured her one, she said: "Just a drop", but she meant by that the water, not the *Black and White*. I turned this over in my mind at length in bed and finally wrote myself the following aphorism:

> Just as there is an outspokenness of beauty,
> Which opens up like a flower, to spread its perfume,

Thus is there also one of loathsomeness, which opens up like a

> Sewer, to let out its stink.

*

"*London, November 1914*"

The Allies have declared war on Turkey, at which England immediately annexed Cyprus,[xxxvi] and is beginning to bombard the Dardanelles; it has also blockaded the whole of the North Sea, from Iceland to France. Churchill's behind it.

Mrs. v. L. passed me a letter from home that had come via Holland; but these double censorships influence one's amount of trust, and for that reason I found the content almost meaningless. There was nothing in it about political events; whether my friends and relatives are out on the Eastern or the Western Front; who has been called up and who has not yet been called up, dare not be said. What the censor here permits here, is not permitted by another censor over there, and *vice versa*. I remain in the dark. In the afternoon, Charley Theobald in dashing cavalry uniform made his farewell visit. Mrs. [p. 52] v. L. gave him a kiss and a Belgian five-franc note. Poor chap. Mr. Maier was able to tell us in the evening that the War would last until the spring — a ghastly thought.

*

Fog, the appropriate weather. We are all groping about in the fog. I bought myself a copy of the '*Observer*' and sat myself down in the afternoon in the cold and wet park in Golders Green, and read Le Queux's[xxxvii] article that the Yser in the west and Niemen in the east had actually been coloured with blood [p. 53] and the vast quantity of corpses drifting along with it staunched the flow of the river. In China, Kiautschou is besieged by the Japs on water and on land. A glorious naval battle off Chile, in which the Imperial German Ships *Leipzig*, *Gneisenau* and *Scharnhorst* sank the English warships *Good Hope*, *Monmouth* and *Glasgow*. I then read with satisfaction that the German warship *Emden* had amazed the entire world with its heroic deeds; it bombarded Madras and disappeared, shows two funnels, then three of them, outstripping the English warships in all seas. Captain von Müller is a cousin of Mrs. v. L.'s. My newspaper had become quite damp. A wonderful mood lay over the landscape, above which the moon had risen. London, like a dark animal, panted below, no search lights, wisps of fog hung in the mighty oaks and settled on the lake. I thought on the beautiful lines:

> The day had disappeared behind the hill.
> The mists move, the mists grow closer,
> Here melancholy comes along,
> Wrapped in its coat of shadows.

*

[p. 53]

"*London, November 1914*"

I always hesitate about going to police headquarters, because the newspapers are insisting more and more that all hostile foreigners be imprisoned, the reason given being that they were out on their roofs, giving secret signals to the Zeppelins. Even the King's cousin, Prince Louis of Battenberg, whose German descent was openly under suspicion, has been forced to give up his post as First Lord of the Admiralty. A real insult for the King and especially for the Queen, a born Teck from Württemberg. Parliament has also blocked the appanage of the King's great-aunt, the ninety-three year old Grand Duchess of Strelitz, who also after almost one hundred years been declared an 'enemy alien'. Monsieur de la Croix, former famous partner of Adelina Patti, visited us for tea. He told of matters that sounded scarcely believable of the enormous rapacity, and the greed of this Diva, of a bouquet completely of jewels, which Tsar Alexander II had given her, and which, he said, she had sent to the Pope, in the expectation of being presented with the Golden Rose;[xxxviii] when that did not happen, she asked for the bouquet to be returned to her — but to no avail, at which point she threatened to withdraw from the Catholic Church. I find that 'human weaknesses' like this do not make the Greats of this world any more human. Incidentally, he also knows Gaby Desley,[xxxix] the mistress of ex-King Manuel of Portugal; that particularly interested Mrs. v. L. Because of her the King had wanted to sell his colonies to England, and had for that reason been expelled by his subjects. Incidentally, too, it was also reported in prime place in the '*Daily Mail*' that Gaby's favourite lapdog had run off, and only after that did it report: "Terrible Austrian Defeat in Galicia,[xl] 15,800 dead and captured." Is that not the greatest absence of common decency in the grading of important events? A mistress's pet dog taking precedence over tragic events, [p. 54] over heaps of human beings bleeding to death! In the evening Mrs. v. L. went with Monsieur to the Hippodrome, to see the revue *Business as usual*.

*

"*London, November 1914*"

Yesterday Kiautschou had to surrender to Japanese superior force. On the streets, the children are playing 'Englishmen and Germans'; the weaker ones have to be the '*Huns*'. The concept of war is widening out like a consuming fire. Herr Trosser, the grocer in Camden Town, has been put in a prison-camp, and competitors have wrecked his shop; he was a good German, who despite his business did not hold back on his opinion. Perhaps he would have preferred to close his shop himself. He is in any case to be rated more highly than Baron v. B., who has not been ashamed to court for English favour openly, so as not to lose anything; neither has Prince Bl. done much honour to his noble name. Lack of character is judged particularly severely in this country.

This is the last page of my diary. Free, in Syracus, on the island of the Sun-God, in the spring, I began this volume, I end it, imprisoned in autumnal fog, surrounded by sea and war, on the Island of Neptune.

*

"*November 1914*"

On your head turning the widows' tears,
The orphans' cries, the dead men's
Blood, the pining maiden's groans,
For husbands, fathers and betrothed lovers.

Shakespeare (*Henry V*).

The time in which I begin my new diary is, like its cover, blood-red. Like a mighty natural event, the War courses over the noblest part of the world. It creates [page 55] its law unto itself, the greater it is, the more it is war, the more its own great internal strength overcomes that of individual persons and nations, and prevails over them. Perhaps this boundless disaster is preparing for the integration of Europe. We surely have to look for a higher purpose in this apparently nonsensical rage of the greatest civilised nations, in order not to despair. There are colourless people, just as there are colourless nations, who glide through life and history without giving offence, and also in the European family of nations the individual nations are of unequal cultural ability and importance. If landscape alone were the generator of cultures, why has no second blossoming of culture taken place in Greece, for example? The essence of a nation cannot be determined by any external formal factor, but recognised only from its inner nature. — Except for the white race, which alone has retained its youthful adaptability, all the other races have specialised themselves unilaterally, but even within the dominating white race certain commonly-human capabilities and characteristics have been particularly developed to the disadvantage of others. Europe, for example, was selected to become the foremost settlement area not only of Asia, but of the entire world, the reason being that the race most capable of development came together here with the most influential continent. If one were to regard our earth as a top-class achievement amongst the celestial bodies, then Europe would be that in landscape formation, and Greece within Europe. Just as in Ancient Greece on the small scale, so would in Europe on the large scale have to complete the fulfilment of human history. History has chiselled the dates on the trophies of its path of victory which prevented Europe from becoming an appendage of a foreign continent after it had assimilated the latter's primary cultures and developed them to their utmost extent. Thus as milestones we find the Fall of Troy, the pre-emptive victories of Salamis and Plataea, the expedition of Alexander the Great, [page 56] the Ruling at Zama on Africa, finally at Actium on Orientalism. In the heart of France, these were followed by the defeat of Asia, at Châlons over the Huns, at Tours over the Arabs, in 846, Rome the Capital City of Christendom, was prevented from falling into Saracen hands. The Crusades followed; the Mongolian flood was broken at Legnica. The travels of the discoverers spread Europe's culture all over the world, finally, twice outside Vienna, the last assault of Asia was staunched. It remains a wonderful spectacle to see this triumphal march of European culture from Ancient Greece through Italy, Spain, Holland, France, England and Germany, and its spreading out from Europe across all Continents, and to watch it become a world culture. But it must not calcify, i.e, become civilisation alone, as it has in that daughterland of Europe, the United States, whose regional area in contrast to Europe seems not to hold any predestined cultural soil. But the basic cultural character must be retained for her, so that her supremacy, from whose power of attraction no race of mankind can any longer escape, remains vindicated in future times. Her universal, single way of thinking, which now saturates the whole world, possesses the element of connection to a culturally civilising power which is reaching its final conclusions. Even if the view of the world as one unity did spring from the religions of Asia, it turned into conscious reality in the mind of Europe. The concept of humanity transformed into greater and greater syntheses in accordance with the law of development from single to multiple, and back again to enhanced single. Peoples of every continent fulfilled their mission, but in Europe, this land laid out with the most beautiful physical dimensions, the sanctuary was set up for the ideas of humanity. In order to enrich the latter and of necessity to protect it from inner and outer enemies, remains the task of every loyal civilised person. If one therefore wishes to regard Rome and Ancient Greece as the father and [p. 57] mother of Europe, then their children are the variously and diversely gifted nations of Europe. The family is the primordial cell of every culture. Dissolution of the family bonds by bloody conflict is the reproof of every tragedy. The conflict within the family of European nations is therefore a tragedy of humanity, its outcome in every case bringing damage to world culture. History would have lost all meaning, if from this bloody division (*Dialbolé*) an increased unification did not arise in the cultural conscience, if this War does not indicate one last rapid to overcome in the wide river of development! Let us hope that the armies standing on the field do not now care a fig about history and thoughts of humanity. — Everyone who has the honour of wearing a uniform at the present time has permission to hate, and will hate all the more, the deeper their love of the Fatherland is; but in order not to give up on the thought of an eternal co-operation of human reason and

human desire for culture in all nations, that should at the end be self-evident. No one believes in perpetual alliances: why should they then consider perpetual hate between nations to be possible? Inasfar as I can compile a picture for myself from the purely English views on what this World War is about, then it will have to be the national-political motives in accordance with which the world is to be regulated, thus: Democracy — i.e., for English concepts 'Plutocracy' — or 'Autocracy'. In all French newspapers it says: "Discontent with purely economic victories, the Germans are being cajoled by the will to gain political and military supremacy, which has its roots in the Military Party. This Party must be defeated; no one is thinking of an invasion of the German Empire, that is not to be destroyed, but only the predominance of one group within society. 'Union in Freedom' shall be Europe's slogan. The present War is a struggle between two world views, which in the dealings of modern nations cannot exist with each other. [p. 58] Either the law and the individuality of the nations should be the ruling factor, or else it will be the power and predominance of the stronger over the weaker. Prerequisite to all social progress is the recognition of the right of the nations to self-determination. The German intellectuals, such as the Social Democrats, have made it their doctrine that power should lead the law, that moral factors must yield before unbending authority." Then I can only say that for the ones ruling in power it is a good thing, so long as nations are less well educated than the Germans, for otherwise every example from history will prove to them to be the opposite of these basic moral principles, sententiously argued though they may be. How have the European peoples become nations? Not only through the right of the stronger. Every border is a monument to this. How are things with Ireland, India and so forth, ad infinitum? One would like to believe that ignorance in many things brings with it a benefit; for this reason young people, too, are the most inspirable. It is bad, however, for those who knowingly, and therefore soberly, are forced to join in on the work of destruction. — Out there a '*Fog*' is in power, a mist so thick that it ingresses like dense smoke and makes everything filthy as soon as you open the door; in the streets, however, there is the darkness of midnight, and the corrosive soot-impregnated air blunts and blurs all contours. I feel myself inside to be in a similar impenetrable mist, which defies all orientation.

*

In the city today, I saw in the entry of the new Lord-Mayor of London. This year the parade was particularly large scale, in order to display to the masses all the splendour of England's war-mongering empire. The parade was opened by the naval brigades who helped in the defence of Antwerp; they were followed by the naval cadets, after which the ages-old state-coaches [p. 59] of the City guilds came lumbering past; then the Artillery, the Goldstream[xli] Guards, Westminster Dragoons. Great jubilation as the Auxiliary troops marched past: Canadians, Australians, New Zealanders, Indian Gurkhas wearing turbans, Cuirassiers, Rifle Brigades, Fusiliers and the Volunteers in Khaki, who had left their offices in the City. Every troop brought its mascot with it, a dog, a goat or a bear. The Royal Cadets, their banners flying, were followed by the members of the Red Cross. Marching in front of the Sheriff's Golden Coach were the Scottish '*Boyscouts*'. Then, first of all in the parade, came the two-hundred-year-old Great Coach, in which the Lord-Mayor sat fully-wigged and enthroned. He dismounted in front of the Palace of Justice, surrendered his sword, and received the Golden Key to the City, presented to him on a velvet cushion. Extraordinary pomp in times like these!

H.M.S.[xlii] *Sidney* caught the *Emden* off the Cocos-Islands and destroyed her. The adventures of the *Emden* will remain for ever in our memories.

*

"*Hampstead, November 1914*"

For a few weeks now I've been going each day to the Reading Room in the British Museum, in order to pick up on my historical studies once more. How dearly do I think back to the lectures by Professors Eduard Meyer and Dietrich Schäfer in Berlin.[xliii] The lecture theatres there will probably now be deserted, the

scholarly studies turned to grey theory in the fact of blood-red praxis. On the way back home, I get annoyed by the postcards hung up in every shop window, which show what shape the countries of Europe will take on after the War. But here it proves that all the speeches put out by the politicians before the practical test will, if it ever comes to it, become grey, or even greyer, theory. All the same, these historical studies, which I can do in the street, are very informative. You can see on the geographical maps how France and Belgium will receive all of the whole area on the left bank of the Rhine, [p. 60] how Schleswig-Holstein will be 'returned' to Denmark, Posen (Poznan) to Poland, East Prussia to Russia; Holland is 'recompensed' with East Friesland, Switzerland with the southern parts of Baden, Bavaria and Württemberg. England gets the German Colonies, and destroys the German Fleet; the German Army is reduced to a fixed contingent, intended to make this map particularly attractive. I shan't waste any further words on this voracious dilettantism. One can see from these fantasies that eating increases the appetite; but for these phantasies to remain phantasies, Germany appears to be staking everything. Wishing to rob a state which has such strong will to exist of its national consciousness — is a utopian infamy!

*

"*London, November 1914*"

I have just returned from a speech given in the Bechstein Hall[xliv] by Sir Edward Grey. Ted's father was kind enough to take me along to it, since the Minister was going to talk about the peace terms. Prior to him, a Mr. John Buchan spoke on 'war strategy', which interested me less. How happy I was to be able to listen and to take something down in shorthand. Sir Edward Grey had an element of the vulture in his features, and his staring eyes and his ice-cold gaze did convey something of the bleak stare which belongs to birds of prey. This did not endear him to his audience, but the lecture, which had few gestures of any sort in it, was effective enough to be convincing, and was frequently interrupted by shouts of '*hear! hear!*'. It struck me as if it were the director of a board unravelling the balance sheet to his company members. He said more or less the following: "One hundred million pounds have been spent, one hundred thousand lives have been lost in the last few months (please note: *Money is the first thing*). All this could have been avoided by the simple device of holding a conference, [p. 61] which could have been held in London, The Hague, or wherever Germany wished it to be. It would have been much easier to settle the dispute between Austria and Serbia, which brought Germany into war, by holding a conference, as had been done in the case of the two-year-long Balkan Crisis.[xlv] Germany knew from experience of the Balkan Conference in London that it could count on our good will to maintain peace in every conference held by the Great Powers. We have given Germany assurance over the last few years that no attack on her would be supported by us; by contrast we could not stand at Germany's side if the case were one of attack by Germany on any one of its neighbours. Last July, France, Italy, Russia had been ready to hold a conference, and the Tsar himself suggested to the German Emperor that he present the Austrian dispute to the Court of Arbitration in The Hague. Germany, however, had refused every suggestion in this direction, and is now responsible for having wrenched all Europe into the bloodiest war in history. Now we know that the German Government had prepared this war as only a government which has such a war in mind can prepare for it. This is the fourth time in fifty years that Prussia has declared war. We, however, are decided that it will be the last time that we shall be forced into war in this way!" (The Minister clenched his fist and "*Hear! hear!*" rang out vigorously); after a dramatic pause he continued calmly: "Long before the War, I pledged our word to Belgium, that we would never infringe her neutrality, so long as it were respected by others. Just before the outbreak of War, we demanded the same promise from France and Germany. France gave it immediately, but Germany refused. When after that Germany [p. 62] invaded Belgium, we were forced to act against invasion with all force. If we had not done this immediately, is there anyone who still believes — that after Germany had attacked Belgium, shot combatants and non-combatants and devastated and plundered the country in a way and manner which made a mockery of all the rules of war in modern historical times and of humanity in all ages — who still might consider it possible to look on at all this, without clothing ourselves in eternal disgrace?" (Now Sir Edward clenched both fists, and excited calls of "*Hear! hear!*" and "*Shame!*" rang down the rows.) "Well then, what are we fighting for? At the appropriate time the Allies' peace terms will be disclosed. The most important demand will be the restoration of Belgium as a free, independent state, and then, on top of that will come

reparations, inasfar as such a thing is at all possible, to correct the wrong that has been done. That is one part of the aims which we and our allies are fighting for; the other part is this: that the European nations, without let or hindrance, should lead their own independent existence, that they should create a way of government of their own (*sic!*) which they consider good for their national development, whether they be great or small states, in similar freedom. That is our ideal! ("*Bravo!*"). The German ideal by contrast, as the German professors and publicists have been uttering since the War began, is that the Germans are to be regarded as a superior people, that everything is justified and legal to them that increases their power, and that in consequence all resistance to this is unlawful and must be suppressed with brutal force, ("*Hear! hear!*") A nation which wishes to establish supremacy over the Continent, whose peace will not bring freedom to other nations, but serfdom instead!" The Minister took a deep breath and looked challengingly into the hall, some seconds passed, here and there with an expectant clearing of throats, then he accentuated every word, slowly drumming it out: "I'd rather [p. 63] perish or leave this part of the earth for ever, than have to go on living under such conditions. After this war, we and the other nations of Europe must be allowed to live in freedom, unthreatened by the blethering speechifying of some war-lord colonel, invoking the gleaming shield, with perpetual rattling of the sabre, and appeals to God in Heaven as an ally of German arms. We do not want our politics and our national provisions be dictated by and controlled by the Prussian war-party." Breathless from the strain of scarcely suppressed inner emotion, Sir Edward now permitted himself to be encircled by restrained exaltation and then transferred to a business-like tone: "We demand therefore for ourselves and our Allies the right of independent sovereignty, the right of our national existence without the shadow of Prussian hegemony or supremacy. All of us who are held back at home by age or circumstances (with that he probably meant matters of business), accord all honour to those who have volunteered of their own free will and who hazard their life on the battlefields of land or sea. They have their reward in the consciousness of their eternal glory." (I thought involuntarily: how will it be possible to honour millions of glory-bedecked heroes to their fullest due after the War; or did Sir Edward mean with these words only dead heroes, who could make no further demands.) "We must also honour," the Minister continued, "the armies and navies of our brave Allies. The admiration which they command from us, and our comradeship in arms will secure our friendship for ever. As regards those like us, who serve the State at home, the civil servants, the employers or employees, we are doing our utmost to uphold the life of the nation in this time of great distress. There is no higher moral consciousness than to serve one's country in its times of greatest danger, and when its cause is a just one."

I travelled back on the Underground with Mr. Gibson to [p. 64] Hampstead, we hardly spoke, and we were both worried in our own way.

I must still add that I attended a Pontifical Mass in Westminster, 'in honour of Albert the Great, King of Belgium', which was celebrated by Cardinal Bourne.[xlvi] I saw on this occasion the young heir to the throne in velvet and silk, and his little sister sitting next to a gentleman who looked like Napoleon I. It was their uncle, the grandson of King Lustik[xlvii] of Westphalia. The death of Field-Marshal Lord Roberts[xlviii] occurred on the same day.

*

"*London, December 1914*"

Christmas is at the door, the King has sent an envoy to the Pope to support ceasefire for the Festive Days. — More than a month has passed, I've been lying in bed with a nervous fever. Dr. R, who comes every week to play bridge, arrived at the same diagnosis. The rugged Mrs. v. L. has not been very much in evidence, since she lives in fear of all illnesses. Instead of her, Mr. Maier, old and derelict-looking, has sat with me on a chair close to my bed, and reads out pieces from the newspaper, such as the announcement that that the King has gone to visit the Front in France, and that this is the first time since 1750 that an English King has ever been present at a war front — now a place where the German Emperor is making it less than comfortable for himself. I found later that on the occasion of the sixty-seventh jubilee of the reign of Emperor Franz Josef, Belgrade had been conquered and consigned to the flames. Yesterday, during my first venture outside, it was my misfortune to have to read that three German warships had been sunk by the English off the Falkland

Islands.[xlix] Words of honour were in abundance for Admiral Graf Spee, who was drowned along with his son. This son had sat [p. 65] with me in the Fifth Form, he had red hair and freckles, a nice chap, but he was the only one who was given very bad marks in written Latin accidence. Once he was given terrible strokes of the cane, which he took without flinching, for having written on the blackboard:

Mr. Hager is skinny
If he were fatter, he'd be better.

In gymnastics he always got excellent marks. Once he clung hanging at the top of the climbing pole, and the teacher ordered him, in vain, to come down. In the end, he stood really close up to the pole and shouted: "Spee, you good-for-nothing, come down this very instant." When during this his pince-nez glasses fell off, and he bent down to pick them up, Spee zoomed down the pole like a hammer, and in doing so hit Mr. Bielefeld on the head, so that a lump came up. We all laughed, because Bielefeld was very unpopular, and we had to do an extra hour's gym. How can we fit this innocent memory in dying a hero's death? How many teachers will be proud today of their former pupils, of whom they had forecast only bad things? — Mrs. Lane, the cook, secretly brought me all kinds of good things up to bed and gave me letters from her Cecil at the Front, which I had to read out, because she had never learnt how to read. "*Dear Mother, don't worry, I'll soon get leave*" was how these lines closed. "What do you think, will he be allowed to come home at Christmas?" his worried mother asked me, and then she recounted how brave Cecil had been, even as a small child. She then showed me a faded photograph in an old locket, and stroked it ever so gently with her hard fingers, over the small lock of hair it enclosed.

Because I was unable to report to the station, the policeman came round to the house every week and said dutifully: "*Oh, it's allright,* [p. 66] *Sir.*" But the visits gave me many troubling thoughts and then turned into dreams full of feverish terror! There was one where I had made an escape attempt as a stowaway on a Dutch ship; when we landed, after a stormy crossing, it was in England, and a policeman was saying: "*Oh, it's allright, Sir.*" But the nights at the Front, which I experienced in dream, were horribly clear. I felt that I was now dead and floating off into incorporeal distances. Berlin, too, I saw in flames, and I watched as my mother plunged from the roof. No, I shall think of it no longer. Then in the mornings I ended up believing that the real world was also a dream, with no war, no imprisonment. I must have contracted a cold at Lord Roberts' funeral ceremony, when I had stood for long hours in the pouring rain in front of St. Paul's Cathedral. All the windows as far up as the third storey had been rented out. There a great mass of people were ceaselessly pushing back and forth. Scottish pipers led the parade. The Irish and the Indian soldiers carried their rifles under their arms, the barrel facing the floor. Then came the coffin on a gun-carriage, its pall held by six field-marshals. Directly at the front, to the right, in field-grey uniform, strode Lord Kitchener, scowling, war incarnate. The Royal Couple and the Queen-Dowager followed in coaches, hours passed by, it rained in torrents, the bulk of the people made up four sections, all proceeding step by step until having reached the cathedral entrance they were admitted in twos, and then permitted to file one-by-one past the scarlet-covered coffin. The coffin stood beneath the dome of the, the candles shone out sombrely from candelabras, the organ was softly playing, the soldiers of the Death Watch leaned immobile on their rifles, and stared at the floor. The diamonds on the cushions bearing his medals glittered mystically, the scents of roses and orchids was heavy in the air. Lord Roberts was laid to rest in the vaults next to Nelson. I thought: 'English' history will record his services to England in India and the Boer War. He had grown too old for the World War, an [p. 67] English Haeseler,[l] a representative only of the great era of Victoria. Death had overtaken him while in France. A hint of eternity pervaded the gigantic building. I staggered out of the church, and was running a high temperature by the time I got back to Hampstead.

*

i There were two Boer Wars: 1880-81 and 1899-1902. The second is the one to which references are made in *Männerinsel*.

ii Dunbar-Kalckreuth calls it 'Fatherland' (Vaterland).

iii Lyons tea and coffee shops, established 1904.

iv Dunbar-Kalckreuth adds the note in German (p. 30, fn.1): "At her brother-in-law's, the later Reichstag minister Curtius." [Julius Curtius, 1877-1948]. The wife of Julius Curtius was Adda Carp (1883-1967), whom he married in 1905. Adda was the sister of Werner Carp, a German industrialist. Dunbar-Kalckreuth here creates a mystery.

v Heinrich von Treitschke (1834-96), German historian and nationalist.

vi French: 'Ah, after forty-four years'.

vii Adelina Juana Maria Patti (1843-1919), opera singer, was born in Madrid of Italian parents, and later became French by marriage. Her last performance before an audience was on 24 October 1914 (Red Cross concert at the Albert Hall for victims of the War). Dunbar-Kalckreuth (p. 34) indicates Mozart as the German genius behind the melodies of that night, not Adelina Patti.

viii *nunc stans* (OED): "Eternity or eternal existence, esp. as an attribute of God, conceived not as infinite temporal duration but as a form of existence not subject to the limitations of time, and hence involving neither change nor succession. Also occasionally in extended use, esp. with reference to mystical experience."

ix Heinrich Hansjakob (1837-1916). *Sommerfahrten. Tagebuchblätter*. Stuttgart: Bonz Verlag, 1904.

x Dunbar-Kalckreuth appears to have been unsure of his pretended age. If he had been born on 20 December 1898, as stated, he would have been 16 on 20 December 1914. As he relates now, for his upcoming age on 20 December 1914 to be 18, his date of birth would have been 20 December 1896. In actual fact, as is now universally known, his date of birth was 20 December 1888, making his true age on 20 December 1914 to be 26. Dunbar-Kalckreuth gives Ascension Day 1915 (May 13th) as the last time he was in 'digs' with his own private bathroom (p. 99), which was the same day as he was escorted by a detective from Wandsworth to board *Royal Edward* at Southend. Details on a document of internee registrations uncovered by *manxnotebook.com* editor Frances Coakley and dated 22 May 1915, give Dunbar-Kalckreuth's age on entry to *Royal Edward* as "18". However, his age was not 18, but 26 (born 20 December1888). For an age of 18, he would have needed a date of birth of 20 December 1896. The same document details his address is Germany as "Berlin Bayrische Strasse 30", an address still extant in Berlin-Charlottenburg, where he was *per Adresse* (c/o) "Herr von Kalckreuth", his later stepfather.

xi Grace Stockpole Lockwood Roosevelt (1893-1971); married Archibald Roosevelt, 1917.

xii *Phaeton* (Brewer, 1936, 843): "In classical myth, the son of Phoebus (the Sun): he undertook to drive his father's chariot, but was upset and thereby caused Libya to be parched into barren sands, and all Africa to be more or less injured, the inhabitants blackened, and vegetation nearly destroyed, and would have set the world on fire had not Zeus transfixed him with a thunderbolt. Shakespeare: *Romeo and Juliet*, III, 2: Gallop space, you fiery-footed steeds,/ Towards Phoebus' mansion: such a waggoner/ As Phaeton would whip you to the west,/ And bring in cloudy night immediately." OED: "*Phaeton*: A person or thing, who or (occasionally) thing which resembles or is reminiscent of Phaeton, esp. in being rash, adventurous, impetuous, or destructive; spec. a fast or reckless driver."

xiii 28 September to 10 October 1914.

xiv 'Park Street': for *Park Lane*.

xv Taormina: hilltop town on the east coast of Sicily, province of Messina. Tourist destination for Goethe (1786), Nietzsche, Wagner and the painter Otto Geleng (1843-1939). Dunbar-Kalckreuth (p. 34) states that he first met Sir Henry L. at a masque ball in Taormina in the March of 1914, which was when Dunbar-Kalckreuth was 25 years and 3 months of age. It was little wonder that Sir Henry looked at him askance, when Dunbar-Kalckreuth reported his age to him in September 1914 as not yet being 17.

xvi The translation into English of Schopenhauer's *Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung* ('The World as Will and Idea', 1883-6) was carried out by Richard Burdon Haldane (1856-1928), 1st Viscount Haldane. Haldane had studied in Göttingen and was fluent speaker of German. He held the post of Lord Chancellor (1912-15) in the British Government. He was a liberal and pro-German. 'Viscount T.' as the translator of Schopenhauer is clearly an obfuscation.

xvii Ernst Kuno Berthold Fischer, 1824-1907: German philosopher, historian of philosophy, and scholar of Modern German Literature.

xviii Possible an obfuscation for 'Earl of Kent', a title, however, which had no incumbent between 1900 and 1930.

xix Possibly Thomas Nelson (1857-1947), 4th Earl Nelson (1913-47).

xx Theodor Rudolph Carl Clewing (1884-1954), opera singer, stage and film actor.

xxi Of Churchill in 1906, Richard Harding Davis in *Real Soldiers of Fortune* (London, Heinemann, 1907), wrote: "He was below medium height, a slight delicate looking boy; although as a matter of fact extremely strong, with blue eyes, many freckles and hair which threatened to be a decided red, but which has now lost its fierceness." Dunbar-Kalckreuth's own description echoes this.

xxii Alcibiades (ca. 450-404 BC), prominent, but unscrupulous, Athenian politician and military commander (*Britannica.com*).

xxiii Benvenuto Cellini (1500-71): the salt cellar is one of his most famous works.

xxiv 'Oh Glorious Fraternity Days', a German student song.

xxv A contemptuous reference made in August 1914 by the German Chancellor, Theobald von Bethmann-Hollweg, to the London Treaty of 1839, which established Belgium as a separate neutral country.

xxvi The nickname for David Lloyd George was 'The Welsh Wizard', not 'The Welsh Rabbit', which is a dish of cheese on toast. The implication is clearly derogatory, hence the smile.

xxvii *coûte que coûte* (French): 'at all costs′.

xxviii 'The sergeant king': Frederick William I, King of Prussia (1688-1740), so called in French because of his military interests.

xxix Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832), considered to be Germany's greatest poet and writer.

xxx Field-Marshal Horatio Herbert Kitchener (1850-1916), 1st Earl Kitchener.

xxxi George Canning (1770-1827), twice British Prime Minister.

xxxii 'Nelson Day', the day on which Nelson died. No such day is celebrated; the day is instead a commemoration of Nelson's defeat of the French at Trafalgar (21 October 1805), the annual British Naval celebration of 'Trafalgar Day'.

xxxiii *Cambden*: for Camden.

xxxiv Christiaan de Wet (1854-1922), Boer general.

xxxv Anna Pavlova (1881-1931), moved to London in 1912, to live in Ivy House in Golders Green (north London).

xxxvi Cyprus became a British Protectorate in 1878, when it was ceded by the Ottoman Empire (Turkey) under an agreement that Britain would support the Ottomans in any future conflict with Russia.

xxxvii William Le Queux (1864-1927), Anglo-French journalist, well-known for his contributions to spy literature.

xxxviii 'The Golden Rose': a papal decoration, a cluster of six silver-gilt roses and rosebuds, bestowed by the Pope each year on the royal lady whose zeal for the Church has most shown itself by pious deeds or pious intentions.

xxxix Gaby Deslys (1881-1920), French actress, singer and dancer, from Marseilles.

xl Galicia was an area between Central and Eastern Europe, and was an Austrian Crown Land. It is not the Galicia of present-day Spain.

xli *Goldstream*: for 'Coldstream'.

xlii Actually H.M.A.S (His Majesty's Australian Navy).

xliii Eduard Meyer, professor of History at Berlin, 1902-23; Dietrich Schäfer, professor of History in Berlin, 1903-21.

xliv Bechstein Hall: now Wigmore Hall, London.

xlv Conflict between the Ottoman Empire and the Balkan League, 1912-1913.

xlvi Cardinal Francis Alphonsus Bourne (1861-1936). English prelate of the Roman Catholic Church. (*wiki*)

xlvii *König Lustik* ['King Jolly']: JérÃ´me Bonaparte, youngest brother of Napoleon I, who was made King of Westphalia [Hessen] in 1807.

xlviii Field-Marshal Lord Roberts of Kandahar ("Bobs"), 1832-1914.

xlix 8th December 1914.

l Gottlieb Count Haeseler (1836-1919), Field-Marshal General, Imperial German Army.

Background

Index

Any comments, errors or omissions gratefully received The Editor

© G Newton , 2018